The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME I.—No. 26.

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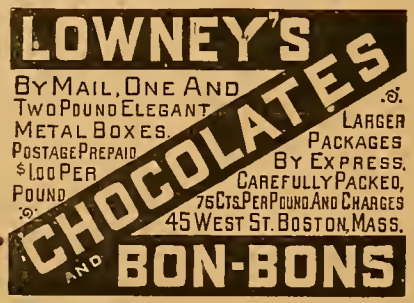

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THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

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The Wellesley Prelude.

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COMING as Freshman in the Fall of '85, the College seemed a succession of work and bells, rules and, especially, long-established customs What impressed us most were the relations between class and class, which we entered into and must comply with, if we would be happy. The Sophomores had been here a whole year, which meant volumes to the Freshman mind. They must be looked up to as earlier settlers than ourselves. The Juniors were involved in a charming mystery of possible approachableness which we timidly longed to test to its limits, but felt oppressed by our youth. Their rank seemed ideal. If we ever should climb to that height we felt our position would be assured and our privileges forthcoming. The Seniors—but what words could express, the sensations of reverence, respect and admiration with which those tall and stately girls filled our minds. Seniors could never be mentioned in a breath with any frivolous subject.

And how have we changed in five years! A spirit of gaiety pervades all classes. A lack of respect on the part of under-class girls towards those above them easily follows. No wide gap separates any class. A Freshman is almost equal to a Sophomore, —a Junior to a Senior. A Freshman laughs with her friends at the foibles of a Senior. A Senior shows interest in Freshman class elections. A Junior is the natural and avowed protector of Freshman, no longer; but vibrates between a Senior and a Sophomore. The Freshman rushes into the elevator before the Senior, and the Sophomore would think it "utterly absurd" to show a Junior preference, there or anywhere.

The changes have come gradually, but they are now so prevalent that they cause no astonishment. On the contrary, Freshman, Sophomores and Juniors would consider the customs of '85, old and behind the times. Respect has been dropped from the vocabulary of class relations, at least for the great majority.

I am far from upholding those customs of five years ago, as ideal. There is no doubt but at that time many a girl was deterred from the most congenial friendship with girls outside her own class by the ban of custom. Nothing can be more welcome than that girls of all ranks can now be friends, and that the girl who murmurs "devotion," with a disagreeable smile, is ignored. For this we are all thankful, but have we not swung to the opposite extreme?

As the College has advanced, year by year, in the principles of self government, so we among ourselves ought to have advanced to freer relations with one another, but have we shown entire wisdom in those customs we have gradually introduced? Is it any excuse for lack of respect when a girl says that "the upper class girl commands none?" Even if that is true, she has had two or three more years of experience which puts her in a superior position which cannot be denied her. When you, who are now under class girls have patiently completed three long years of study, and find yourselves

Seniors, will you wish to be spoken of as carelessly and treated on such an equality of good fellowship, as you treat your Seniors? Seniors are Seniors, and Freshmen are Freshmen. Time will make these same Freshmen, Seniors, but time is a factor which cannot be overlooked.—And lastly, it is undeniably an improvement that we talk and worry less about our work, but does it not seem false to ourselves to speak of our studying, as incidental? It is much to our credit if we have learned that the concentrated attention of half an hour, will do more for us than the wandering thoughts of two periods; but let us do justice to ourselves and to the reputation of our College.

A Fifth Year.

AT THE WAKING OF HELGI.*

Poet-lore, January, 1890.

Weaving, weaving, weaving,
What are the Weird Ones weaving,
Now that the silent and shuttleless loom
Measures the meshes of doom!
Criss and cross is the film-fine floss
Blown with the breath of the Norn,
Over and under and back and across
The gossamer threads are borne,
In the weaving, weaving, weaving.

Weaving, weaving, weaving,
Ruthless the Fates are weaving;
Lily-cool fingers are barred with the strands
That slip from the languorous hands!
Strands that are spun of the sheen of the moon—
Plaited and parted with many a rune,
In the marvellous weaving, weaving.

The thrums are hid in the east,
The thrums are hid in the west,
Helgi's land is between!
And one is fast in the Way of the North
(Neri's sister has carried it forth).
While the Norns inscrutably smile and spin,
And the woe of a warrior is woven therein,
In the mystical weaving, weaving.

Weaving, weaving, weaving,
Helgi's doom are they weaving;
Gold is the woof, but the warp is grey,
With flickers and flecks of red;
Shot with the sungleam, but, wellaway,
Blanched with the bale of the dead:
Alas for the weaving, weaving!

Anna Robertson Brown, '83.

*Suggested by the reference to the weaving of the Norns at the birth of Helgi, found in *Helgi and Sigrun*, I., ll. 5-16.

There is in the College at present a great deal of oral discussion upon the question treated in the following article. The PRELUDE would seize this opportunity to open a written discussion upon the subject of social life in College, especially in relation to our life here at Wellesley: whether the present tendency toward an increase of social life is good or bad.

THE AIM AND BEST CONDITIONS OF COLLEGE LIFE.

Dr. Hopkins once said, "The outcome of a college training ought to be a sound body, a disciplined mind, a liberal education, a right character." This is a plain and comprehensive statement of what every one believes, though everyone may not reach the ideal thus presented. The modern college does not aim to make ascetics; it seeks to make men, whole men and whole women, ready for the duties of modern life, and it has specific methods, turned in given directions by which it claims to fit young people for the responsibilities awaiting them. The underlying principles which govern college life, and upon which college training rests, must be such as will provide for the wisest, freest culture of which mind and heart are capable. It does not look into outside society for its guides and its policy—only so far as all life is one.—It looks within and considers that whatever is healthful must be an outgrowth of its own, coming from the natural and unhindered development of life in a community devoted to certain definite ends.

This conception of the College is based on the idea, that such a culture as here indicated is obtained through a study of the truth in its varied forms; and that, apart from the counting-house, the shop, the complex social life of town or city, in a community where earnest seekers after truth are gathered, the conditions of life may all be arranged to promote this great end. It pre-supposes that the student is a disciple of truth, and has sought this particular spot in order to give time and thought to its study, under circumstances and with helps not found in the world without. The word scholar, in the Greek, means a person of leisure, and school a place where leisure is enjoyed—hence, a place where there is time for literary pursuits—If we could make the ancient idea a reality of modern life, the school would be a place where eager

scholars are devoting their time in a calm and serene spirit in the study of the varied forms of truth as found in the sciences, the languages and philosophy, and learning how to apply these principles to their growing needs and unfolding perceptions. That there are many such students in every College, there can be no doubt. Should not the prevailing atmosphere of every College be of this character?

One of the requisites for obtaining such culture is that all the conditions be favorable. The true student will regulate his daily life, so far as it lies in his power, so that his enthusiasm for the investigation of the truth shall not be dulled. He will recognize that his hours for work and hours for recreation must so balance each other as to enable him to give his best to the task in hand and enable the College to give its best to him. The attainment of a well-disciplined mind is reached not so much, perhaps, in the daily recitation; as in the study-room, the library, and by means of an orderly regulation of one's life. The teacher, it is true, has a distinct office, but he cannot make scholars. If the student persists in illogical habits of thinking, in careless living, in squandering time on unimportant matters, the teacher's work is of little avail. It is what the student does for himself, in large measure, that makes, or fails to make him a broad and cultured scholar. The value of right conditions may not be well understood or appreciated by those who, entering upon College life, have it mostly before them. The wisdom of generations of the students must be brought to bear on the problems of even our boasted modern higher education. Certainly, the experiences of the past, and the observation of the present show, that for high intellectual culture there must be a sound body, and for this there must be active daily exercise and recreation sufficient to loosen the nervous tension, keep the spirits cheerful and promote a kindly interest in one's neighbor. It is on this ground that the young student often goes astray. If he is enthusiastic in his studies, he lays too much stress on constant poring over books; if he cares little for study and thinks College life in general is of the greatest value, he dissipates his energies on many useless things, and crowds his life with outside interests; if he is fond of pleasure, he seeks social gratification, and says care will come all too soon, now is the time for enjoyment. Here, have both students and teachers a grave responsibility. It is theirs to create the right spirit and make it dominant—a spirit of glowing enthusiasm for sound learning, true culture, high ideals—a spirit which, though generous, is discriminating, and makes loyalty to the truth the touch-stone of all life.

The college woman, especially, has a great opportunity before her. She is to show whether the highest forms of intellectual culture are consistent with good health; whether she can be a scholar and keep her womanly grace,—and the sins of the mothers will be visited on "the children of the third and fourth generation." She is to prove that she can hold the balance so evenly, that her College life can make her what the College in its fundamental plan, and widest scope aims to accomplish. How much time may she spend in exercise, how much in the recreation of social intercourse, how much in interests apart from study, and still be able to carry out her high purposes, these are pregnant questions. How may one learn to make a wise selection from the pleasant variety offered and be quite content?

If the principles laid down be sound, it is clear that social life and outside interest have a place in College, only as they promote the great end of College training. For, as we have seen, the College has a distinct aim; it is not society although there is much delightful society in it: it is not the life of town or city, with its complexity of interests, although, there is a varied life in it, it is rather a workshop, where a company of young people are learning under favorable conditions to know and to use their own powers in preparation for the responsibilities of maturing life. The chief use of this culture will come later, when these students have taken their place in their chosen sphere. It may be said, at this point, that, as the College woman must by and by meet people, and know how to move in society, if little or no attention is paid to social life in College, she is unfitted to do her part when she goes to take up the work of life. It is true that she must take her place in the world, but the College woman should be, above all, one who stands pre-eminent in her nobility of purpose, her clearness of judgment, her love of humanity; and in her

self-contained life has that which enables her to fit to her surroundings. The power to move in society will take care of itself. It will be for her to create, not slavishly to follow. If we look out into the world, we observe that society seems to be searching for the women who *know*.

I have assumed that the student is a seeker after truth, that he turns aside from other avocations to spend a given portion of time, in a place favorable to the purpose, in a search after truth, in order that the sum of this discipline, this training, may result in developing all his powers, and make him the better fitted to act his part in whatever place he is called to fill. Let it be kept in mind that in accordance with this, if he be true to his ideals, his work must be done in the very best way of which he is capable. With good health, he cannot allow his attainments to fall below the measure of his capacity. To him this is a sacred time, other interests are put aside for a short space. (Four years is a short period out of fifty or seventy, out of "the endless years.") And he devotes his energies to the building up of what he deems to be a solid structure of lasting good.

In view of this presentation, the following propositions suggest themselves.

The most satisfactory College life demands undiminished and enthusiastic attention to the subjects through which the best training is obtained.

This attention can be given only when mind and heart are at their best, and are unhampered by the body, or by affairs of a nature alien to the work in hand.

Everything of outside interest, which tends to diminish the power to acquire truth to the utmost limit of one's capacity, is harmful, because the development is only partial, the growth is arrested.

The student who does not increasingly learn to weigh outside attractions with the true requirements of College culture, and to make a wise selection of that which will contribute to his highest good misses some of the chief benefits of his College course.

M. E. Stratton.

There is no room for care, or woe,
Or wish, apart from that one will
That doth the worlds with music fill.

—*Edward Rowland Sill.*

The following is the first of a series of reminiscences which shall appear in the PRELUDE during the Spring term.

THE OPENING DAY AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

Once upon a time there was a Boston school-girl, who had long cherished the hope of going to Vassar, the cynosure of ambitious girls at that remote epoch. But one day, when she was sixteen years old, her parents returned from a drive to Wellesley, full of enthusiasm over the magnificent building which was then nearing completion, and which was to be the home of Mr. Durant's new College for women. This same Mr. Durant, the distinguished ex-lawyer, they had found personally overseeing the work. He had taken them through various parts of the structure, explaining his plans, architectural and educational,and showing his own eager interest in everything, even down to the great cellars. They had learnt at the same time that the college was to extend a helping hand, especially, to the children of missionaries; and Mr. Durant had dwelt with pleasure on the fact that the first name in the big book of applications was that of a missionary's daughter. The latter was a relative of our little school-girl, who, with youth's sublime disregard of previous plans, promptly leaped to the conclusion that Wellesley College would be the one place for her in the coming Autumn.

So it came to pass that one pleasant noon in September, 1875, she found herself on the platform of the railway station at Wellesley, with various other bewildered maidens, and a very large proportion of anxious parents. For the boarding-school idea was not easily to be shaken off; and tender-hearted mothers fluttered around their timid chicks, to an extent that would amuse our serenely independent young women of the present day. Yet, as our particular student settled herself in the coach and looked about at the faces of her future companions, she could detect little home-sickness there. That would come later. But now there was such a consciousness that all were new together, such an exhilarating sense of romance and discovery, such a wild surmise that all the thrilling situations in all the boarding-school stories might be rivalled or even surpassed in the untried life before them, that our travellers were on the whole very merry. Per-

haps there were a few who realized in some degree the magnitude of the work that was that day beginning, and the endless influence it was to exert on their own and other lives. Doubtless in many cases there were earnest anticipations of intellectual growth and ennobling friendships. But on the surface, this frank, delightful, childish spirit of adventure reigned supreme.

When the coach stopped before the vast and imposing building, our student joined the throng, who were already gathered in the reception-room and about its doors, waiting to have their rooms assigned them. But a gentleman at once approached the new arrivals, with a quick, decided step. "Have you had any dinner, girls? No! Then come right with me to the dining-room." So the slight, well-knit figure led the way, saw that their wants were supplied, and exemplified to them at the very outset that "*Non ministrari sed ministrare*," of which all his life thereafter was one constant expression.

After dinner, our student returned to the reception-room door, where she had abundant leisure to study what was going on about her. Tip-toe views over the heads of those in front occasionally revealed the beautiful face of the young teacher, who was distributing the keys with words of laughing reassurance. It was she whom Mr. Longfellow afterwards compared to his own ideal of Evangeline. "If all the teachers are like that," thought our friend, "we're in good luck indeed!" Later, she caught a glimpse of a stately figure in black, with a handsome head, crowned with abundant white hair. "That's the President, Miss Howard," was the awed whisper. Seats were few, and our student was glad to share a chair with the future Preceptress of Northfield Seminary. Among the girls strolling up and down the Centre, which was already beautiful with tropical plants, she recognized just one familiar face, spiritual and strong, that of Wellesley's now honored missionary, Gertrude Chandler.

At last her room was assigned her. She climbed the broad stairs to the fourth floor, for there was no elevator then, and paused with some trepidation at the open door of a pleasant room overlooking the lake. For there already were the new room-mate she so longed, yet dreaded to meet, and the room-mate's mother, and the room-mate's mother's friend, bustling about and putting things in order. But she was welcomed pleasantly, bore the kindly inspection of the elder ladies with what grace she could, and soon was chatting merrily enough.

At supper, the two girls succeeded, to their great delight, in getting at the table of the Evangeline-faced teacher. Afterwards they had a cheery talk with half-a-dozen new acquaintances, and then went up to their room and sat in their window-seat, looking out at the glory of moonlight flooding the silent lake, and exchanged the confidences so dear to girlish hearts, of home, of friends, of tastes and hopes and aspirations.

That was the student side of the opening day at Wellesley. But as the light-hearted children of that memorable time have grown into sober women, and entered upon their share of the world's work, many a thought has come to them of the other side. They have considered the mighty effort that set all that complicated machinery in motion, the infinite details that demanded such untiring care as love only could give, the great purpose that lay behind all, the deep suspense that attended so important an experiment, the hopes and prayers that made that day's exhausting duties sacred to so many hearts. *Marion P. Guild, '80.*

"THE SAME DAY AT EVENING."

(John xx. 19.)
(Reprinted).

When in the twilight of that radiant morning
For which all other earthly morns were made,
One hastened to His tomb at early dawning,
Seeking, in grief, where her dear Lord was laid—
When in her glad surprise she saw Him standing,
And cast herself adoring at his feet,
I trow, the word of His divine commanding
Made that blest hour of rapture incomplete.

It was to have and yet not have the Master,
Since all things lived through His divinest touch:
What marvel if the tears but fell the faster
From the sad eyes of her who loved Him much?
Not on the morning of Transfiguration,
Nor in the garden where our peace was wrought,
Nor in the hour of His humiliation,
Fell from His loving lips this "Touch me not."

Slow, as on evil wing, lagged to its ending
The weary hours of that first Easter day,
And forms, joy-sped at morn, at eve were wending,
In silent fear, to watch and wait and pray.

Ah, sweetest meed that ere crowned human praying!
Not fast-closed doors barred out a Friend so true,
Who, while they yet were speaking, entered, saying,
In tender greeting, "Peace be unto you."

O Thou whose presence we have come confessing,
We wait at eventide thy gracious word!
Stand in our midst, who linger for thy blessing,
So shall we too be glad who see the Lord.

—Louise Manning Hodgkins.

AN EASTER MESSAGE.

Eight of us had taken a cottage at the seashore for the Spring vacation. It was the night before Easter. One by one, six of the girls had gone off to their rooms leaving the two "night-owls," as they called Margaret and me, still sitting by the open fire, she reading and I trying to write a letter for which the words refused to come. The minutes wore on slowly till the clock struck twelve. I tossed my third poor, pitiful attempt at a letter into the fire and leaned back in my great chair. Margaret still read on. How calm she looked with the lamplight falling on her soft brown hair and her fair, placid forehead. The firelight danced and played about her, casting a rosy glow over her cheek and tender, half-smiling mouth. She seemed to have absorbed all the light in the great room, for in the corners lurked dark shadows, making strange pictures of the old prints on the walls. At one end of the room hung a picture of the death-bed of Daniel Webster, a ghastly thing. The strained, white face of the dying man showed against the dark background with a terrible distinctness. On three sides of the room were uncurtained windows looking seaward, blank, black holes that night, for the darkness outside was impenetrable. How still it was! And yet it was not still, for outside the house the wind blew in fierce-fitful gusts, and the breakers dashing against the rocks just below the house, made a monotonous groaning sound which sometimes rose into an angry roar. The clock ticked on solemnly, and now and then Margaret turned a page.

Vaguely and vainly striving to set all these sounds to one rythm, I fell into a reverie, a dream of the future which had more of sadness than of gladness in it, of a life full of loneliness and darkness and struggle. The light was growing dim on the pictured dying face before me. Gradually it went out altogether and we were left with the fitful dying firelight alone. With a sigh Margaret closed her book and drew her chair nearer to the fire. But the spell of the night was on us, neither thought of going to her room, and neither spoke. The clock struck one. Little by little the glowing embers turned to gray ashes. The room grew colder and darker. The shadows in the corners were so deep that even the outline of the pictures could scarcely be seen, but blacker still were the bare, stirring windows. They drew me with irresistible fascination. I rose and went over to the farthest, dismal corner and peered out into the blackness. Not one glimpse of light could I see, not one sign was there that an outer world existed, except the moaning of the wind and the roaring of of the breakers. All was impenetrable darkness and mystery. A shudder, half of cold, half of fear ran through me and a feeling of utter loneliness seized me. I could bear it no longer.

"Margaret," I cried "this is like death. I feel like a dying soul looking out of its cold, dark house into the blackness of the great unknown."

In a moment her strong young arms were about me, and we clung together, each filled with the solemn, awful thought. Suddenly she cried "Look!" and I turned and looked out into the night. The wind had driven away the clouds, and in all its splendor the full glowing moon shone forth. Around it was a soft mysterious halo, and across all the troubled waters at my feet stretched a path of silver.

"Yes, it is like death," said the dear voice of the friend beside me, "for see, the light beyond." And it was Easter morning. *E. A. G. '90*

There is a cloud above the sunset hill,
That wends and makes no stay,
For its goal lies beyond the fiery west;
A lingering breath no calm can chase away,
The onward labor of the winds last will;
A flying foam that overleaps the crest
Of the top wave: and in possession still
A further reach of longing; though at rest
From all the yearning years,
Together in the bosom of that day
Ye cling, and with your kisses drink your tears.

R. G. Rossetti.

THE LAST CROCUS OF SPRING.

"You can't go on, Crocus, there is no way up: we might as well lie down and rest;" and Grass bent his head preparing to take another long nap. He murmured drowsily as he turned away: "We're not needed up there, they have plenty of green things, now: the Spring has been here so long."

"Oh no! dear Grass, we must find a way today. The world needs us still: yesterday's wind whispered, 'Crocus, Crocus, your work awaits you; awaits you, and the birds tel lme there is no other to do my duties. We must find some way to answer the Master's call. Don't be discouraged yet, Grass."

But Grass was discouraged. 'Twas little wonder. There under the boards they had been for a week, searching right and left for a way to the light. Once they had pushed a whole inch to one side, with the hope of passing out thro' a crack between the boards, but the crevice was too narrow. They tried to make it wider but the boards held firmly together. Then Grass gave up trying.

"But the Master called, he needs us to do his work," mused dear little Crocus, "he has provided some way, I must search again."

"Oh! Grass, Grass, do come and help me: here's a knot in this board. It is quite loose, I can push it up somewhat myself;" and the flower-child trembled as success seemed near. Day by day she pushed at the knot, and the Sun sent down some rays to help her. They dried the knot and made her pushing more effectual.

Soon she stood in the soft Spring light, and the other servants of the Master greeted and cheered her. She was not too late to do her work; for a young girl who was feeling so old and sad took heart at the sight of Crocus's bonny face.

It was a vacation time at the great school. This girl's friends had all gone home or to visit, but she had staid at the Hall to make up some lessons lost through illness. The lessons seemed tedious all the week long, and she wished for the sound of her schoolmates' cheery voices, or for her teachers' encouraging word.

She walked in the garden on Easter morning, but thought to see no flowers;— the snowdrops and crocuses had blossomed a week ago. "Ah," she exclaimed, "Easter Sunday without your friends is not so pleasant."

"I am your friend," said a voice at her feet, where our little Crocus looked up with a smile on her sweet yellow face.

She proved a friend indeed to the young girl in the remaining vacation days. She cheered her and told her sweet encouraging thoughts that the maiden treasured still. *Web.*

Having rashly promised to publish any poem sent to the PRELUDE by a certain gifted young woman, the following was the result. We publish it, according to our promise. The italics are our own:—

A LANDSCAPE.

I.

The sky is light,
The lake is white,
And all is bright.

II.

The woods are *Green*,
The plank *walK e'en*
Is swept off clean.

FOREIGN LETTER.

FLORENCE, EDUCATIONAL AND PHILANTHROPIC.

Florence, Italy, March 15, 1890.

Dear Friends:

Few transient visitors in Florence have time or inclination to examine the present interests of this wonderful old city. To most it is a city either of history or of art whose chief interest is in churches and galleries. For such, the Florentines of the nineteenth century consist, in brief summary, of shop keepers, cab drivers, servants and beggars, in a glittering military setting. Having the good fortune to enjoy a three months residence here, I have had opportunity to do a little more than the ordinary sight seeing in investigating the subjects dearest to Wellesley hearts; and since I am forbidden by the Editor of the PRELUDE to write on "guide book themes," I am eager to share with you my experiences in studying the Educational and Philanthropic work of Florence.

The Florentine youth may begin their education at the age of four or five, and may continue their progress through the successive grades of schools until they take their degree at the Royal Institute of Higher Studies, which curriculum seems to be equivalent to that of our American Colleges. From beginning to end of the long course of public instruction, the advantages are offered

to girls and boys alike. The number of young women pursuing the higher education is not large, three only being matriculated in the Institute at present, but Italian women are by no means behind hand in distinguishing themselves by advanced scholarship. A woman has recently been appointed Professor of Medicine in the University of Bologna. The equality of sexes in educational matters does not cease with the completion of the courses of instruction. The competitive examinations for filling chairs of instruction are open to all, and if a woman succeeds in the contest she receives the appointment. The "whosoever will" of French and Italian Educational Institutions is a feature of these conservative old countries which quite puts to shame the vaunted liberality of our own new country. Many women attend occasionally, or in courses, the lectures or *lezioni* of the Florentine Institute, as they are open to the public, the *confirenze* alone being reserved for the exclusive attendance of matriculates. Having learned that neither my nationality nor my sex was any obstacle to the attendance of these lectures, I secured and perused with more interest than rapidity the little blue covered pamphlet entitled: Orario e Programmi delle Lezioni e delle Confirenze; Sezione di Filosofia e Filologia.

The professor of *Filosofia* being ill, I selected a lecture in *Filologia*, more specifically, a discourse on Horace by Professor Trezza. The lecture was in an elective (*facoltativo*) course of Italian Literature. The pamphlet announced that the professor would "interpret Horace and examine the principal questions in his life and works." At the appointed hour, I appeared in the lecture-room note-book in hand! The scene was not strikingly different from a similar occasion at home. The body of the room was filled with forms—or rows of desks for the use of the students, while chairs were placed in the rear for other attendants. The young men were gathered about in groups and I suppose they were laughing and talking over much the same sort of thing that American students might discuss. Among them were several theological students dressed in the garb of priests. Upon the entrance of the Professor all rose to their feet, then dropped into their seats and quickly seized their pens and note books. The lecture was an interesting and enthusiastic exposition of the conduct of Horace at the battle of Philippi. The Professor's manner of delivering was most dramatic. While I was marvelling at the intense excitement that the treatment of such a subject aroused, it suddenly flashed into my mind that this is the land of Horace, that the speaker was honoring his forefathers, and that the lecture was in reality of the nature as well as in the manner of a Fourth of July nation! From this point of view the applause with which the preparation was received was most appropriate. Even from the academic point of view it was a pleasing expression of the students' appreciation of a masterly lecture.

To this glimpse of academic life I soon after added an experience of the educational pursuits in Florentine Society. A committee of gentlemen, including the most distinguished of Florence, has this Winter instituted a course of lectures something like a Lyceum Course in an American city. The theme of the series is the Beginnings of Italian Life, and eminent scholars have been engaged to prepare the discourses. Tickets for the whole course cost but twenty francs; but the number of holders is limited as the lectures are given in a private residence. This residence is the palace of the Ginori family who for two hundred and fifty years have been the wealthy proprietors of a famous porcelain manufactory, and among the most prominent citizens of Florence. It was with intense interest that I entered this great, dark, gray, stone *palazzo*, curious to know how an exterior so forbidding could contain a luxurious home. The court was adorned with costly marbles, and we ascended a stair-case to pass through a succession of rich anterooms into the lecture-room which is a sort of entrance hall to the drawing-room. One could but wonder what the drawing-room must be to which the approach was through so long and beautiful a series of halls. This last entrance hall was itself quite fine enough for the drawing-room of any other than a rich Florentine. The walls were covered with rare and beautiful old tapestries and two superb Venetian chandeliers were suspended from the ceiling. The chairs were soon filled with handsomely and stylishly dressed people. I discovered then the destination of the charming costumes which I had seen through the shop windows. I had frequently speculated on this subject as I had never seen well dressed Italian ladies in the streets. Here they were gathered, a large assembly, the audience numbering about three hundred, and as I looked around I could see nothing to distinguish them from an American audience similarly composed. At the close of the lecture members of some of the noble families were pointed out to me; Prince Strozzi, the present head of the first family in Florence, still residing in a palace built by Filippo Strozzi before America was discovered by Columbus; Prince Corsini, representing a family whose history runs back to the 13th century when they moved to Florence as feudal nobles; and the present Marchese Ginori, the host of the occasion. The lower hall was lined with footmen, and the street—the Via dei Ginori—with fine carriages. Passing out in this distinguished company, I felt that I had really had a glimpse of life among the Florentine nobles.

Estelle M. Hurll, '82.

To be continued.

Subscribe for the PRELUDE.

THE WEEK.

On Sunday, Apr. 13, Prof. Harris, of Andover, preached from the text Hebrews 6:5: "And have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come."

* * *

On Saturday afternoon, April 12, Mr. M. N. Morgan of Harvard, delivered the fifth lecture in the course on Latin Literature. The subject was Roman Biography and History. The speaker noted the necessity of considering the resources of a historian before weighing his value. In treating of the different Roman historians, he mentioned the resources of each. Fabius Pictor was the first Roman historian. He was born in 210 B. C., and during his life put in shape the fragmentary history that had come down to him from various sources. These sources were tradition, the records of the annalists, the Pontifico, and various ritualistic books. From the foundation of the Republic to the sack of the Gauls, no history of Rome can be received without doubt. The superiority held by Greece over Rome in the possession of historical literature is noticed in the fact that one hundred and eighty years before Fabius, Greece possessed the work of Xenophon and still earlier the seventh book of Thucidides. Fabius and his brother Cincius wrote histories of the Punic wars, to which they prefixed records of early events. These prefixes mark the only recorded story of the beginning of the Roman Republic. The style of both Fabius and Cincius was cramped and meagre. Cato was the pure type of the narrow-minded, sham-despising New England Roman. His work was the Origines, the fragments of which show that it was inestimable. Polybius was a Greek hostage in Italy, and the instructor and friend Scipio Africanus, the younger. His history, introduction included, extended from the Gallic conquest to the fall of Macedon. This was a valuable work of antiquity, of which we possess only five out of forty-one books. Sulla wrote a history of his life and times. Julius Caesar wrote the only history in Latin that has come down to us complete. His history covered the period from 58 to 46 B. C. It is not, like previous histories, merely an enumeration of wars, but gives us an insight into the lives of the people and the geography of the country. His Latin is pure, which is remarkable in as much as the best of his predecessors wrote in Greek. His best quality is that clearness that arises from method and arrangement. Sallust, like Caesar, is brief but less natural. Caesar's work is great because it describes great deeds, Sallust's because his subjects were ennobled by artistic style. He wrote five books of history covering the time from 78 to 67 B. C., of which fragments remain. His two complete works are the Jurgurthian War and the conspiracy of Catiline. One of his best pictures is the contrasting of the characters of Cicero and Cato. His model was Thucidides. Tacitus wrote under a strong sense of injustice suffered, and no Roman after him essayed the history of those times. His works are the Life of Agricola, Germania, history from Galba to Domitian, and annals from Augustus to Nero. The most striking elements of his style are picturesqueness and rapidity. He uses antithesis very skilfully. Mr. Morgan closed by saying that he had not spoken in vain if he had induced even one or two to search the annals for themselves or to read the originals.

* * *

Phi Sigma gave her friends a glimpse of herself in her first open meeting, Saturday evening, April 12. Phi Sigma's large heart would have received the whole college, but the limits of Society Hall are narrow, so that only about two hundred could enjoy the privilege of attending the open meeting. The owl, "with his feathers arranged in the latest fashion," sat upon his silver perch in state, lending dignity to the occasion by his wise looks and quiet demeanor. Miss Curtis presided, and announced the first number on the program to be a song, written by Miss Grace Thomson, and sung by the Phi Sigma sextette. After the song the program was for a moment interrupted by the receipt of Zeta Alpha's good wishes for her sister society, expressed by a bunch of red roses. A debate was then announced, upon the question, "The United States would not be justified in interference with the internal policy of Russia." The disputants were Miss Bosworth and Miss Clarke, who presented both sides of the question clearly and pointedly An illustrated lecture entitled "Glimpses of Woman in Poetry," was given by Miss Angie Lacey Peck. As the various characters were described, they appeared in tableaux. Miriam, in Hebrew song with tinkling timbrels, burned with prophetic fervor. The Greek accents of Penelope brought vividly to mind Homer's ideal of woman, uniting tenderness and fidelity with wisdom and foresight. The dauntless courage and endurance of Brunhilde was in marked contrast to St. Mary's fervor of adoration and supplication noticed in the sweet and solemn Latin hymn. Chaucer's dainty Emelye, untroubled, untouched by any shadow of pain, walking ever in the sunshine of a fourteenth century day, by her prayer to the "Goddesse of Chastite," to be delivered from her two lovers, showed with exquisite delicacy the ideal of innocence and grace, mingled with the charms of coquetry. Portia was the last of the ancient ideals, neither too shy, or too reserved, not pedantic nor yet ignorant, dignified, serene, earnest, and at the same time sweet and modest. The modern ideal was represented by Browning's little silk-winding Pippa, whose power was the purity which showed her true beauty of

soul. This was a character of greater spirituality than any of the others presented, who could convince other souls that God is in his heaven, and could raise them to her level. After a song, also written for the occasion by Miss Anne Bosworth, and sung by the Phi Sigma sextette, the copy of "The Rebound," the regular paper of the society, was read. An editorial gave the object of Phi Sigma, and more particularly of "The Rebound." The paper also contained a poem, "Sea Lights," by Miss Ada S. Woolfolk, a poem "Easter Dawn," by Miss Lillian Corbett Barnes, and three stories, "A Small Boy," by Miss Rosa Dean, "The Lost Marjorie," by Miss Blanche Bigelow Baker, and "The Owl Speaks," by Miss Sadie McNary. The entire contents of the paper were excellent. The stories in particular were good, and give unmistakeable proof of the literary merit of the society. The Phi Sigma song, sung by all the members of the society, closed a meeting which was the source of both pleasure and profit to the guests, and which certainly reflected great credit on Phi Sigma.

* * *

THE Art Building was once more the scene of festivity on Monday, Apr. 14. The cause was a farewell reception given by the Faculty and Art Society in honor of Miss Bothe whom we must lose so soon. The beautiful rooms of the art building were quite effective without any extra decorations for the occasion. Miss Shafer, Miss Bothe and Miss Denio received in the picture gallery. Wafers and chocolate were served in the sculpture gallery. In the centre of that room, there was an inspiring mass of glorious azalias. Although these flowers have been of late quite the usual characteristic of our receptions, they are none the less exquisite. About five hnndred guests were at the reception which seems to have been unusually favored in other particulars beside the weather. It combined the dignity of a formal reception with the easy grace of an informal one aud while none would dream of saying that the Main Hall could become monotonous for receptions, still the change of place was delightful. Among the guests were Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Claflin, Prof. and Miss Horsford, the Misses Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Frost, Mr. and Mrs. Stetson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wood, Dr. N. G. Clark and Miss Clark and Mrs. Goodwin.

* * *

Those who attended the concert of chamber music on April 14, in the chapel, will surely remember it as one of unusual interest, and wish that instead of being one of very few such concerts given us, it might be one of many. The artists of the evening, having played to-many times before were, in perfect sympathy with each other and the rendition was as though prompted by one mind, making an unusual unity of effect. The wide range of expression was very marked, taking us from the most rapt attention of exquisite staccato passages to impassioned and thrilling movements. Probably most of us found the Mendelssohn trio more pleasing than the Brahm's, though the latter is far more difficult, it being one of Brahms' best productions, having created quite a change in feeling toward him as a composer when it was first published. Miss Obrion delighted all as usual with the artistic rendition of her solos; it was therefore a great disappointment when she passed from the Maiden's Wish to the brilliant Chopin Polonaise, omitting the Nocturne. It is hoped that in the future we may have many such concerts as educators in the appreciation of the highest and noblest works of the masters. The following is the program: —

Trio in D minor, Op. 49.	*Mendelssohn*
Molto allegro ed agitato.	
Andante con moto tranquillo.	
Leggiero e vivace.	
Allegro assai appassionato.	
Piano Solos.	
a. Romanze in F sharp.	*Schumann.*
b. Maiden's Wish.	*Chopin-Lisz.*
c. Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2	*Chopin.*
d. Polonaise in A flat, Op. 53.	*Chopin.*
Trio in B, Op. 8.	*Brahms.*
Allegro con moto.	
Allegro molto.	
Adagio non troppo.	
Allegro molto agitato.	

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

BORN.

At Concord, Mass , Dec. 7, 1889, a second son, John, to Mrs. Helen Wadleigh Hoar, '79.

At Boston, Mass., Dec. 27, 1889, a second daughter, Margaret, to Mrs. Carrie Wadleigh Thomas, student at Wellesley, '78-'80.

At Salt Lake City, Jan. 19, a daughter, to Mrs. Jessie Kirkpatrick Marshall, '86.

At New Lebanon, N. Y., Feb. 11, a daughter, Katharine Curtis, to Mrs. Fanny Curtis Burrill, student at Wellesley, '78-'79.

At Granby, Mass., Feb. 13, a daughter, Florence Emily, to Mrs. Mary Jefferds Holden, '84.

MARRIED.

NASH–CHENAULT. — At Louisville, Ky., Dec. 12, 1889, Mattie Chenault, student at Wellesley, '82-'85, to Edmund Strudwick Nash, of New York City.

MARSH–CONE.—At Monroeville, O., Jan. 29, Henriette Cone, '84, to Charles W. Marsh, of Kansas City. At home Thursdays, 1736 Phelps Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

DIED.

At Wellesley Hills, April 5, Emily Colburn, wife of Warren F. Norcross.

Miss Hester D. Nichols, '84, is teaching at Dudley, Mass.

Mrs. Julia Glidden McCoy, '83, is now living in Cortland, N. Y.

Miss Kate I. Squire, '83, spent part of the winter with her sister in Minneapolis.

Miss Mary C. Walker, '83, will be in Canton, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., until July next.

Miss Eva Briggs, student at Wellesley, '78-'80, has been the guest of Miss Burrell the past week at the College.

Miss Fanny T. Bugbie, formerly of '91, has taken the place of Miss Blauvelt at the Phillips School in Wellesley.

Miss Clara M. Skeele, '83, is to reside permanently at Greenbush, Mass., her family having removed thither from Chicago.

Miss Mry Cook, '88, has recently paid a visit of a few days to Miss Susan Peabody, '86, at her home in Cincinnati. Miss Cook had spent the previous weeks at Shelbyville, Ky., with Miss Bertha Bailey, and the other Wellesley teachers at Science Hill.

Miss Flora A. Crouch, '84, is filling a temporary vacancy in Miss Johnson's school, Boston, Mass., caused by the illness of the teacher of French and German.

Word has been received at College of the death at Nashua, N. H., in February, of the mother of Miss Mary Sawyer, '88, and at Keokuk, Ia., in March, of the father of Miss Marion Hoyt, '89.

Mr. and Mrs. Nash, whose marriage receives a tardy notice this week, have been spending the winter in St. Petersburg, Moscow, and the Riviera. After "the season" in London, they will take up their residence in Orange, N. J.

The following clipping in regard to Miss Ella May Cook, '85, is from a Milford, Mass., newspaper:—

Miss Cook, the new assistant teacher at the High School, has had quite an extended experience, having taught in California, Iowa and New York, and spent last summer abroad, perfecting her French in a French family.

Rev. Frank P. Woodbury, whose daughter, Miss Clara Woodbury, was a special student at the College in '87-'88, has recently removed with his family from Minneapolis to New York City, where he has accepted the position of Secretary of the American Missionary Association. Miss Woodbury visited Miss Mabel Clark of '92, at Terryville, Ct., during the time of the spring vacation.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE PRELUDE is especially desirous that all who wish to buy any stationery should accept Bird's offer advertised in this week's edition.

MISS Lena Brown, '90, and Miss Marian Perrin, '91 left Monday for New York where they were during the week. They were delegates from Wellesley to the Working Women's Convention.

ON Tuesday, April 15, Professor Harper of Yale gave two lectures to the Bible classes on Isaiah. On the 22nd, we shall have the pleasure of hearing Professor Harper deliver two more lectures on the same subject.

MR. Kendall of Williams College was in Wellesley several days, the guest of his sister, Miss Kendall. Miss Dodge, '88, spent Sunday, the 13th, at the College, the guest of Miss Cooley.

SPRING sports again! Who is not glad to see the campus such an emerald green, presaying a brilliant tennis season? And the bicycles have begun to enliven the village streets, and the botanists are hunting for hepatias and the other spring beauties they know so well and the private boats are all out on the lake. By the way, when is the College going to launch her boats?

THE birthday of one of '89's most honored members was celebrated at Wood with great rejoicing on the first day of this term. At the customary dinner hour, the places of '89 in the dining-room were left desolate, while they were gathered around a long, prettily decorated table in the conversation room. The dinner was enriched materially by many home remembrances and enlivened intellectually by sparkling toasts. The dainty toast-cards were due to the kindness of Miss Bertha E. Jones. Guests and hostesses alike enjoyed themselves exceedingly and separated with the feeling that the term had opened brightly.

A GAY group of girls might have been seen at the station on Monday afternoon, waiting for the tardy 1.55 train. If anyone had cared to make inquiries about the party, he would have learned that they were Teba Alpha initiates and were off to Auburndale for an afternoon's pleasure. But the group was more interesting after the arrival at their destination when they were engaged in the alternate throes and ecstacies which belong to an observation party. Certainly ample chance for the cultivation of the memory was offered of which everyone tried at least to avail herself. The prizes and score cards were radiant with Teba Alpha blue, and the Teba Alpha lamp beamed a welcome upon all who had the good fortune to see it. The hostess was at her best, and gave her happy guests cause to long remember the sunny afternoon.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

AN effort is being made at Amherst to raise money for a Christian Association building.

THE debt of the University of Pennsylvania on their boat house has been entirely paid through the efforts of the Glee and Banjo clubs.

A NEW song book is soon to be issued by the students of Brown University. It will contain compositions not only by undergraduates, but by professors and alumni as well.

THE Presbyterian college of Beyrut is said to be the best of the higher institutions of learning in the Orient. It has three faculties: medical, theological, and one for the training of teachers.

THE total land grants made by the United States for educational purposes during the first century of its existence amount to over 80,000,000 acres, or 125,000 square miles, a territory greater than the area of Great Britain and Ireland, and equal to one-half the area of France.

THE trustees of Robert College of Constantinople have made appeals for $150,000. The college already has property valued at $150,000 and an endowment fund of $200,000. It is doing a great work as an American Christian college and is meeting with approval and even popularity emong the Bulgarians.

A VERY interesting book, giving the biographies of all the members of the class of '38, Princeton, has been presented to the library by the Rev. W. E. Schenck, D. D., its author. A complete history of the class, from its freshman year till it graduated and from graduation till its semi-centennial class meeting in June, 1888, is given.

Wells College—The new building to take the place of the one burned in 1888 will be so far completed by June that the exercises of commencement will be held in it, and it will be ready in September for full occupation. It will be larger than the old building, containing all needed recitation and lecture rooms, public rooms, etc, with accommodation for the resident members of the faculty and one hundred students. The aim is not to rival the larger institutions in numbers, a small number being considered most desirable in the direction of promoting the best results of personal influence between instructors and students.

PRESIDENT Francis A. Walker, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, will deliver the annual address at the next commencement on June 18.—*Mail and Express*.

OUR OUTLOOK.

Miss Mary C. Shibley, of Illinois, took the first prize of fifty dollars for the highest standing in the general examination at the Hahnemann Medical College in Chicago, recently.

Dr. Helen L. Webster, of Lynn, who has recently been lecturing at Barnard College, and who has been called to a chair at Vassar, is one of three women in America who have received the degree of Ph. D., "summa cum laude," from the University of Zurich.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards was interviewed not long before she sailed for home, by a representative of the New York *Sun*, who asked what had impressed her as peculiar in America. Miss Edwards said: "That which most surprises and impresses me is the number, size and importance of women's colleges, the enormous forward movement for education for everybody, and the universality and activity of women's clubs."

"The Struggle of the Fair Sex in the State of Kansas" is the topic of numerous editorials and "specials" of late in the New York *World*, and other leading dailies of the country. Although the women are wrongly represented as seeking to supplant the men, credit is given for "able, conscientious, and business-like discharge of duties in cities where women have been put in control of municipal affairs," and as proof that the movement is gaining ground, it is affirmed that "of the 800 and more daily and weekly Kansas newspapers, the suffragists can count on at least 500 in sympathy with them."

An *Associated Press* despatch from Topeka, Kan., says that the women all over the State are registering to vote in large numbers at the coming municipal elections, and are making an especial effort to secure good school boards. It is amusing to see in papers strongly opposed to woman suffrage, like the Chicago *Tribune*, despatches declaring:

"The granting of municipal suffrage to women has proved a grand success in Kansas. It is going to play a more important part in the approaching spring election than ever before. . . . Wherever the experiment has been tried, it has stifled opposition, and the movement has grown in popular favor to a marvellous degree. . . . It is noticeable that the women care little for partisan politics, but select the best men put in nomination, and vote for them. In this city, men will scarcely accept a nomination unless petitioned to do so, and before election the candidates of the two parties, especially for the mayoralty, are summoned before the executive committee of the Equal Suffrage Association, and forced to make a plain statement of their position with regard to 'liquor joints' and disreputable houses, which finds its way to the press, and places the candidate before the public in his true light. This discourages the chronic office-seeker, and disgusts the ward politician. . . . The consequence is that municipal politics in Kansas are being revolutionized."

WABAN RIPPLES.

YALE MAN: Why is a Wellesley girl like a monkey?

WELLESLEY GIRL (with dignity): I see no resemblance.

YALE MAN: Because she's up in the higher branches.

WHEN you have the grip, it is no laughing matter, but when you are safely over it, it is no matter if you laugh.

The fabled man all tattered and torn,
Came to the maiden all forlorn,
And asked if she could sew,
The maiden, thus taken unawares,
Replied with a look of woe,
"'Tis hard indeed to work with *tares*,
And the *wheat* went long ago."

IT requires an intimate acquaintance with all the spoken tongues to write cards for the Art Department. Miss —— has gained an extensive knowledge of French but some reference to her dictionary is still necessary. For instance she was heard to remark one day after working with a number of portraits: "I wonder, I never heard before of this Lui Même, who has painted so many portraits of the great master's." At another time when she had found a number of pictures called "A Coop of Pigs," she came to one representing several little pigs in a fence corner near a grove of trees bending in the wind, and with the title "Un Coup de Vent," which she at once translated by the well-know "Coop of Pigs."

MISS X (instructor in Elocution): Now, Miss Blank, clothe this passage in flesh and blood, make it talk, clothe it it flesh and blood ! !

FRESHMAN (rising tremulously and hesitatingly): Do you-a mean for me to-a read?

ONE of the first year German divisions lately received the rather surprising information that Faust the "chiromeister" was a "chiropedist." About the same time one of our Latin classes learned that "pedita veterima" were "veterinary footmen."

CHEMICAL.

THERE was sorrow among the gods when Iodide of Potassium, and cannibalism on earth when Bicarbonate of Soda.—*Life*.

A CHEMISTRY student trying to discover the difference between SO_2 and H_2S, decided that "comparisons were *odorous*."

IT was a little Chicago boy who remarked after having been kept in the house several days by rain: "Aunt Mary, don't you think it is about time God turned the hydrant off?"

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Century for April is so varied in its attractions that it has something for every class of readers. The portion of the "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson," contained in this number is especially attractive, because the writer tells of the circumstances which led him to think of representing the character in which he excels, that of Rip Van Winkle.—We are interested in meeting the "Herr Maestro," to whom we are introduced by the graceful pen of Elizabeth Roberts Pennell. She is assisted much in making the story attractive by the illustrations from the pencil of Joseph Pennell.—We pursue "A Dusky Genius," eagerly to its close to find that "the skin of the possum, the singing board, and the bough of the mulberry tree," were for the first time combined by a negro servant, into the very popular instrument, the banjo.—The person of an artistic inclination would read with pleasure the article on "Giovanni Bellini," by W. T. Stillman, with notes and engravings by T. Cole; also the "Artist's Letters from Japan." There are interesting articles on "The Slave Trade in the Congo Basin," "The Serpent Mound of Ohio" and on "The Latest Siberian Tragedy."—We are given some valuable "Suggestions for the Next World's Fair," by the Director-General of the Paris Exhibition, M. Georges Berger.—Among the poets of the number appear the familiar names of Frank Dempster Sherman, James Whitcomb Riley, Margaret Crosby and Celia Thaxter. The points of light, however, which will first attract and longest hold the eyes of a Wellesley reader, are a poem on "The Ideal," by Katherine Lee Bates and a Sonnet on "A Friendship, by Ellen Burroughs.

The Harper's Magazine for April offers its readers the usual variety of articles. "Deacon Pheby's Selfish Nature," by Annie Trumbull Slosson, is an unusually interesting short story, revealing to us a situation which was entirely unheard of by at least the majority of readers.—"The Comedies of Shakespeare" with illustrations by E. A. Abbey, and comments by Andrew Lang, is an interesting feature; the "Merchant of Venice" receives attention in this number.—Rev. William Henry Milburn tries to make us better acquainted with "Thomas Young, M. D., F. R. S.," who is one of the foremost, though not one of the best known, of the men of our century. A short sketch of Mr. Young's life is given with a summary and estimate of his work "in almost every department of human knowledge."—The article of R. R. Bowker's "Great American Industries," will be of especial interest to students of Political Economy.—"Three Indian Campaigns," by General Wesley Merrit, U. S. A., is a fascinating account of Indian war-fare in our own times, and gives us a clearer idea of the troublous life spent among hostile Indians.—Part second of "The Shadow of a Dream," by William Dean Howells, appears in this number.—"In the Haworth," by Geraldine Bonner, is a short story giving us an insight into a certain phase of city life.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Historische Erzählungen. By Dr. Friedrich Hoffmann. Edited with Notes by H. S. Beresford-Webb, Late Assistant Master at Wellington College. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. This little book is another excellent addition to Heath's Modern Language Series. It contains four selections from Hoffmann's *Historische Erzählungen*, a collection of twelve tales, chiefly from German history. The four tales included in this book are "Conradin of Suabia," "The End of Charles the Bold," "The Execution of Louis XVI. and his Queen," and "The Franco-German War (1870-1871)." Besides the stories, there are quite full notes, explaining the allusions and adding many historical facts of great interest. The style of the tales is simple and easy, and is rendered interesting by many vivid descriptions and natural touches. The shortness of the stories renders them also especially well adapted for class use.

Sesenheim. By Goethe. Edited by H. C. O. Huss, Ph. D., Professor of Modern Languages and Literature in the College of New Jersey, Princeton. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. 30c. This little work is also one of Heath's Modern Language Series. Like the one mentioned above, it is in convenient pamphlet form. *Sesenheim* forms a part of the tenth and eleventh books of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, and was written by Goethe in 1811, when he was over sixty years old. It tells of his visit in his twenty-first year to Sesenheim, and of his meeting and acquaintance with Frederika, the daughter of pastor Brion of Sesenheim. Goethe's love for Frederika is well known, but it can never be fully understood until the account of it in his own words is read. The story is told in a most interesting way, and is beautiful in its delicacy and simplicity. The pictures of Sesenheim and of Frederika are full of charming touches. But the work is important for other reasons also. As the Editor says, "Frederika is immortal, not merely because she was loved by Goethe, but because she lives and breaths in the poet's most attractive characters. The two Maries in *Götz von Berlichingen* and *Clavigo*, Margaret and Dorothea, all borrow some of their most womanly and sweetest features from their elder sister Frederika." The book will be found of great interest and value to advanced students in German. The Notes call special attention to the particle which forms such an important feature in Goethe's style.

OUR EXCHANGES.

GEORGE William Curtis, quoted by Edward Everett Hale in the New England Magazine for December: "We know the best bred men were Brown bred boys."
—*Brunonian.*

THE WRONG PLACE.—Customer (to clerk in bookstore)—"I want to order some stationery tubs." Clerk (surprised)—"This is the wrong place, madam. We don't keep them." "Don't you? I thought this was a stationery store!"

"WHAT are you doing now, Gus?" said one young man about town to another.
"Oh, I write for a living."
"On the daily press?"
"No; I write to father about twice a month for a remittance."—*Merchant Traveller.*

THE world has waited for "Bill Nye's" opinion of high-class music. Here it is. "The peculiar characteristic of classic music is that it is really so much better than it sounds."—*Ex.*

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

I am sending a box of sweet roses,
Which perfume with fragrance the air;
But the love which each petal encloses
Surpasses their odor so rare.

For a birthday gift I am giving
These buds which will soon unfold;
And may the life you are living
Like them blossom with blessings untold.

The fragrance and sweetness will vanish,
As the roses wither away;
But naught from their ashes can banish
That love which shall last, yes, for aye!
—*Brunonian.*

(WE insert the following from the *Bowdoin Orient*, not because of its classic elegance or discriminating characterization, but because of its felicity of rhyme.

WISE.

The Vassar girls are stately,
The Wellesley girls are prim;
The girls from Smith are lively,
But the "sems" get in the swim.

OTHERWISE.

The country girl is bashful,
The city girl is cute,
The high-school girl is giddy,
But the old maid's in the soup.

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